

This Week's Supplement--Accountant

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THE NATIONAL

POLICE GAZETTE

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THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
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NEW YORK: SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1906.

VOLUME LXXXIX, No. 1515.
Price, 10 Cents.



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WHICH ONE?

A HARD JOB PICKING OUT THE BEST ONE ON THE BEACH AT ATLANTIC CITY.



Established 1846.
ISSUED EVERY WEEK.

RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, August 25, 1906.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, N. Y.,
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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$4.00 PER YEAR.

FOREIGN RATES:
ONE YEAR - \$11 1s. 0d.
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THE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
ACCOUNTANT, A Famous Racehorse.

Miscellaneous Sports.

Joe Thomas, the California boxer, has drawn the color line.

The district-attorney of Reading, Pa., has stopped boxing in that city.

Spike Robson, the English featherweight, has sailed for his home in England.

Kid Texas recently lost to Muggsy Shoels in the thirteenth round at Trinidad, Colo.

Jack Munroe, the former heavyweight pugilist, is now running a Summer resort in Canada.

And now Sam Berger goes on the stage at \$700 per. Stay eighteen minutes in the ring with a champion is the recipe.

Jabez Wolfe, the English swimmer, recently made another unsuccessful attempt to swim the English Channel.

Thomas F. Kiely, the noted Irish athlete, who has been in this country for the past three months has left for home.

The boxing promoters of Albany, who hold their bouts on barges, want Kid Gbodman for a bout with Willie Hosey next month.

Frank Craig, the old "Coffee Cooler," still sticks to the game. He boxed a six-round draw with Steve Smith in London recently.

Hugo Kelley is anxious to show the sports what he is capable of doing in the ring. He wants to meet Fitzsimmons at 155 pounds.

The Western pacer, the Broncho, showed that she is in better shape than ever at Cleveland, breaking all race records and taking a new mark of 2:02 3/4.

It was decided by the officials of the Lincoln club, of Chelsea, Mass., to call off the Johnson-Ferguson bout on account of certain opposition to Ferguson.

Jockey Nicol, the crack lightweight rider, has concluded arrangements to remain in Fred Cook's employ for another year. The terms of the contract were not disclosed.

Fred Taral is doing famously in Austria and Germany. According to the latest riding statistics he is at the head of the riding brigade of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Owen Moran, the featherweight of England, has opened a hotel. That does not mean he has retired from the boxing game, for he is after a match with Jim Driscoll, who beat Joey Bowker.

A. Rubin, the Grace A. C. of New York, wrestler, is showing surprising form in high jumping contests. Rubin disproves the theory that wrestlers being muscle bound, lack the necessary snap and spring for a jumping contest.

Dan Creedon, the Australian middleweight, who spent a number of years in this country, and then returned to the Antipodes, was knocked out in three rounds by Bill Smith in Sydney recently. Creedon was considered a "dead one" when he left here.

Ram's Horn, winner of the Brighton Handicap this Summer, and one of the best horses that has come out of the West in twelve years, died at Sheephead Bay recently. He had been suffering from stomach trouble, which suddenly developed into acute inflammation of the bowels.

The Lipton Cup will go back to the South Coast Yacht Club, of San Diego, Cal., for another year. In the race recently Mischief II, in a seven mile breeze got away first and was never headed. Mischief II covered the twelve mile course in 3 hours, 5 minutes, 31 seconds corrected time. Monsoon finished second and Aelus third.

Jimmy Britt has refused the offer of the Everett A. C. of Washington, for \$3,000 to meet Louie Long in a twenty-round bout. When Britt received the offer he wired back to the manager that he could not think of meeting Long unless he was guaranteed a purse of \$5,000. This the club refused to do and the match is off for the present.

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If you know how. You can learn if you own one of Charley Mahoney's 1906 Hoffman House Guides. It is elaborately illustrated. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.

FROM THE MIMIC WORLD —BEHIND THE SCENES AND IN THE GREEN ROOM— OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Interesting Gossip Picked up Here and There About the Artists Playing the Continuous Houses.

PROFESSIONAL NEWS SOLICITED FOR THIS PAGE

Vaudeville Actors and Actresses are Requested to Send Artistic Character Photographs for Reproduction in Halftone.

The Vernon Sisters, Amelia and Kathryn, will sail for Europe Sept. 28.

The Great Carmen has closed eight weeks on the New England Park circuit, and reports that his

L. F. Harvey will join John W. Vogel's Big Minstrel's this season.

Steinert and Thomas, German comedians, report making a hit on every bill. They are well



ETTA REED PAYTON.

One of the Bright Stars and Leading Lady at Payton's Lee Avenue Theatre, Brooklyn, Who Has a Large and Enthusiastic Following.

hoop rolling and juggling, closing with his new feature, has met with success.

Edward Hanley has signed with the New Big Sensation Company as musical director.

Elliott and Neff report big success with their new act, playing the parks this Summer.

Jack Fraser is at Paragon Park, Nantasket Beach, Mass., and reports that business is good.

Slater and Finch are doing nicely through the Ohio park circuit, with Michigan time to follow.

Marcella and Bertholdy, with their acrobatic cockatoos, arrived from Brazil a short time ago.

Captain Sidney Hinman reports doing well with his Water Circus and life saving dogs, playing parks.

Jack Gardner has established a home at Toledo, O. He recently became a member of the yacht club there.

O'Brien and West, principal Irish and German comedians, closed at Fischer's Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., after two years of unprecedented success.

booked up, and their imitation of a German brass band is a big laugh producer.

Tom Bateman has just finished fourteen successful weeks with the J. F. Harvey Company.

The Manhattan Comedy Four will open at Hurlig & Seamon's, New York City, Labor Day, Sept. 3.

Frank Bowen is doing clown for the United Amusement Company, at Wonderland Park, Boston, Mass.

Norman, "The Frog Man," reports playing a successful Summer season at parks and seaside resorts.

George Ralston, stage machinist (of Local 54), has signed for the season with Harry Bryant's Burlesquers.

Hodges and Launchmere have signed with Gus Hill's "Smart Set" Company, Miss Launchmere to do an old woman character. Mr. Hill has selected a strong lead for Mr. Hodges.

A comedy vaudeville sketch worked out on new lines has been written by Bill Nye, Jr., a nephew of the late Bill Nye, and it will serve as the vehicle for

Mr. Nye's debut in vaudeville. The title of the sketch is "The Sign Painter." Mr. Nye has taken as a partner, Jack Boylan.

Zena Keife is booked for thirty-five weeks on the Keith circuit. She is also to appear with the Albee Stock Company.

Summers and Winters are playing parks in the West, and are a feature of every bill. William Morris is doing their booking.

Wygand and Delmont, musical comedians, have joined hands again, and are doing eighteen minutes of harmony and comedy.

Ben Riggs has signed with the Yankee Doodle Girls Company for the season, and is putting on all the songs for the company.

The International Four (Wilkinson, Wenrich, Gebunger and Glick) report meeting with big success in the provinces of Canada.

Lena La Couvier has signed for this season with Manager Sam Scribner, to play the leading roles with the Gay Masqueraders Company.

Carleton Macy and Maude Hall have captured another hit in their "Maggie and the Jay," which they tried out at Proctor's, Newark, N. J.

Charles O. Hughes and George R. Brown, who are booked up till March next, will fill a few weeks around the East before playing their Western time.

Jennings and Renfrew, "the boys who sing their own songs," have been playing with great success for the Western Vaudeville Managers' Association.

Major O'Laughlin has returned from the Coast, after playing fourteen weeks on the Considine & Sullivan circuit, and is now playing Summer parks.

Marie Girard, one of the very few successful monologue women, has in preparation a new monologue. She has not lost a week since October last, only in travel.

May Belmont, having closed her fourth successful season with the Howard Stock Company, at Boston, Mass., opened in the Plimmer Park, and reports meeting with success.

Harry Thomson, in his monologue, is featuring a new list of songs. He reports that his bookings for this season are nearly completed, and he is to produce a brand new monologue.

Frank F. Miller has signed for the season with W. F. Clark's Jersey Lilies Extravaganza Company, for the German comedy part, playing the Eastern wheel of burlesque houses.

Ed C. Hays, minstrel monologist, is meeting with big success playing the parks. He has played three return dates at Coney Island, Cincinnati, O. He is booked solid until Feb. 9 next.

Jeff and Lavern Healy are playing the Frank Melville circuit of parks, and their act is a tremendous success on same. They are booked solid until June next in vaudeville houses.

John and Alice McDowell were compelled to cancel some of their vaudeville park engagements on account of rehearsals with Stephens & Linton's "My Wife's Family" Company, at Detroit, Mich.

Opel, novelty juggler, is in his eighth week with the Unique Floating Theatre in his act, and making good. Previous to this engagement he played fifteen weeks with Sanford & Robinson's Entertainers.

Ida Crispi will appear three weeks in vaudeville, and will introduce another eccentric dance and a brand new ditty for her continuous dates, before beginning rehearsals with Charles B. Dillingham's Company.

J. H. Smith, manager of Beach & Bowers' Minstrels, saved a young woman recently from being run down by a cable car, in Chicago. The young woman said her name was Helene Avery, from Mendota, Ill.

The Williams Duo, assisted by R. C. Day, report meeting with success in the parks this Summer, presenting their novelty musical act, which introduces their large electric fountain with real running water and novel effects.

Cummings and Thornton, who recently closed a successful eight weeks' engagement over Frank Melville's circuit of parks, have signed with E. D. Stair for his "Down the Pike" Company, in which he is presenting the Rays.

The Empire Comedy Four (Leonard, Cunningham, Jenny and Roland) have returned from Europe after a year's booking on the Moss & Stoll, Macnachten and Barnsford tours. They open at Keith's, New York City, Sept. 3.

Carrie M. Scott, exponent of physical culture, closed a ten-weeks engagement at Flood's Park, Curtis Bay, Ind., and opened on the Heller & Glading circuit of parks in Pennsylvania, with the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, and other good work to follow.

The Omega Trio, having finished their Western time, are signed for the rest of the Summer season with the Coy & Hall Novelty Company. They are booking time for the season. The Omega Trio is composed of Ed Ahl, James T. Crowley and Georgia Ahl.

SPORTS! SPORTS!

For facts in vest pocket shape the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" has them all beaten a mile. The largest and best ever published. Sent for Twelve cents in stamps.

CLUB SWINGING BY THE AMERICAN AND AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONS...FOR SUMMER EXERCISE...SIX 2-CENT STAMPS

GOLD MEDALS FOR BARTENDERS

Another great contest has just been brought to a most successful close, and the POLICE GAZETTE takes pleasure in presenting the names and portraits of the three winners in this issue, as well as reproductions of the very handsome gold medals which they soon will be wearing.

Here is the roll of honor, for that is what it really is: First Prize—\$75 solid gold medal—Max Steinle, of the Reception Cafe, 509 Eleventh street, Oakland, Cal., for his Speedway Cocktail, the recipe of which was printed in No. 1488.

SPEEDWAY COCKTAIL.

(By Max Steinle, Reception Cafe, 509 Eleventh street.)

Use bar glass, large lump of ice, twist of lime or lemon peel, dash of Angostura, dash Orange bitters, dash of Orgeat, dash of Rum, Whiskey. Stir well and serve in cocktail glass with a thin slice of lime.

Mr. Steinle is an old theatrical man—not old in years, however, and is one of the most popular mixers on the Pacific Coast. He is the President of Oakland Lodge, No. 28, Theatrical Mechanical Association. He is in the saloon business with his brother-in-law, and their place is patronized by the best class of people in the city.

Second Prize—\$50 solid gold medal—John J. Flynn, who is in the employ of his father, at 11 Elm street,

Max Steinle, Oakland, Cal., First; J. J. Flynn, Boston, Second; Terry Lee, Bridgeport, Third.

mouth; two-thirds Sloe gin. Stir well and add cherry.

Terry Lee has been mixing drinks for Eastern yachtsmen for many years and he has never yet failed to touch the palate of the most seasoned salt, which is sometimes a hard thing to do. He is as well known along the Eastern coast as the rocks of Montauk Point, and there is no question but that he has won the medal on his merits.

So much for the men, the medals and the contest which has just come to an end. It was intended that the finish would have been sooner, but the recipes sent

them. No other paper prints every week recipes for new drinks that are worth reading, and the awarding of three solid gold

medals is a novelty that they haven't yet considered.

So, you see the POLICE GAZETTE is worthy of your consideration and loyal support and if you haven't given it in the past it is about time you woke up and gave the subject a little thought.

Here is a paper that is recognized wherever the sun shines as a sporting standard and a champion of everything that is decent and square.

a book that ought to be in every saloon and cafe in the country, and one that is so complete that there is nothing left to add.

By a careful study of its pages the man who knows absolutely nothing of the requirements of the trade is enabled not only to establish a business but to run it as it should be run. It is recognized to-day as an absolute authority on everything connected with the proper care and serving of liquors of all kinds and is as valuable as the license which permits a man to do business.

It is a singular thing that every previous winner of a bartender's medal has prospered. But that is only as it should be because of the prestige which goes with a trophy of that kind. Besides, any man who is clever enough and ambitious enough to make his brains win him anything is bound to succeed and nothing will stop him. A notable example of this is Mr. Peter Sindar, now of St. Paul, Minn., who says that his advancement in his business dated from the time he won the medal in 1901. Since then he has kept in touch with the GAZETTE and all of his successes have been noted.

This is something in the form of a roll of honor and is worth looking over. It is a list of the prize winners of previous years:

First prize, 1899—Phil Gross, of the Hotel Horning Cafe, Vine street, Cincinnati, O., for a drink called "The Commodore." Fred Tompkins, of Elwood, Ind., and J. W. A. Kuhn, of Gretna, La., received honorable mention. Terry Lee, who won this year's third medal, was also in the race.

First prize, 1901—Peter F. Sindar, head barkeeper at Miller's saloon and bowling alleys, 221 East Seventh street, St. Paul, Minn., for an "Elk's Fizz." Second prize, 1901—John N. Radetich, 902 Camp street, New



THREE PRIZE WINNERS AND THE MEDALS.

At the Top is Max Steinle, of the Reception Bar, 509 Eleventh Street, Oakland, Cal., who Contributed the Speedway Cocktail; the Second Prize Winner is John J. Flynn, of 11 Elm Street, Boston, Mass., who sent in the Ideal Cocktail, while the Third is Terry Lee, of the Algonquin Club, Bridgeport, Conn., who Won Out with the Oxblood Cocktail.

Boston, Mass., for The Ideal Cocktail, printed in No. 1500.

THE IDEAL COCKTAIL.

(By John J. Flynn, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mass.)

Use mixing glass; plenty of ice and frappe the following: Three dashes Calisaya; three dashes French Vermouth; one drink Old Tom Gin; strain in fancy cocktail glass; serve with olive.

Mr. Flynn has been in the business since 1897, and during his career behind the bar has made many friends by his courteousness and geniality. He is conceded to be one of the most expert drink mixers in the city and his concoctions have more than a local reputation.

Third Prize—\$25 solid gold medal—Won by Terry Lee, who dispenses drinks at the famous Algonquin Club, Bridgeport, Conn., for his Oxblood Cocktail, printed in 1513.

OSBLOOD COCKTAIL.

(By Terry Lee, Algonquin Club, Bridgeport, Conn.)

One dash Angostura; one-third Italian Ver-

mouth; two-thirds Sloe gin. Stir well and add cherry.

But it is not the last, by any means, for there will be a bartenders contest in the POLICE GAZETTE as long as the paper is published and that will be for a great many years to come. The new contest begins right away, and so if you were in the last and were not successful, don't be discouraged, but start in all over again, for the three men who have been declared this year's winners have sent in a great many recipes during the past five years without getting even a mention, but they persevered, and you see the result on this page.

There is no other paper in the world that is of any practical benefit to bartenders and saloon men or that is doing anything for

ENDURANCE CLUB SWINGING

Can be learned by an amateur, if he has the illustrated book on the art by Tom Burrows, who holds the world's record. It is minutely illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 2c. extra.

Money, medals and trophies of all kinds have flowed in a steady stream for years from this establishment, and the generosity of Mr. Richard K. Fox has been of so unlimited and boundless a nature that it has come to be a synonym for extreme liberality. Many a waning game has had life injected into it by his personal efforts—and his check book—even boxing, which he put on its feet when it was ready to die of dry rot caused by lack of support.

That the saloonmen throughout the country appreciate this paper is evidenced by the fact that fully one-third of the names on the subscription books are those of men in that business and the number is constantly on the increase.

That is as it should be—it is simply a matter of reciprocity.

The man who runs an up-to-date public house to-day, and who runs it successfully must keep pace with the times. He must know what new drinks are on the market and how they are made.

That is just what the bartender's column in the GAZETTE is for, and its value cannot be overestimated. Another point worth mentioning is that all of the best recipes—or as many as possible—are used in the "Hoffman House Bartender's Guide," arranged by Charley Mahoney, one of the best men in the business in the East. With painstaking care he has compiled

Orleans, La., "Pan-American Flip." Third prize—M. J. Richey, Hotel Metropole bar, Waco, Texas, "Agulnaldo Punch."

First prize, 1903—James E. Bennett, head bartender Broken Heart Cafe, 16 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., "Ping Pong Cocktail."

Second prize, 1903—Joseph Rose, with Murray Bros., 184 Market St., Newark, N. J., "Coronation Cocktail."

Third prize, 1903—E. G. DeGastaux, Canal and Vine streets, Cincinnati, O., "Derby Cocktail."

Fourth prize, 1903—Alex. A. Collins, Commerce Exchange, 4 Government street, Mobile, Ala., "Scotch Bracer."

First prize, 1904—Ben Stickfort, partner in the Blue Ribbon Bar, 819 Fifteenth street, Denver, Colo., "Colorado Bracer."

Second prize, 1904—Joe W. Abraham, Silver Dollar Saloon, Montgomery, Ala., "Elk Run."

Third prize, 1904—C. B. Nist, head bartender Armbruster's Schuetzen Park, Jersey City, "Gazette Fizz."

SCIENTIFIC BOXING

A full course of lessons, how to train, and 46 full-page illustrations, written by the acknowledged champion of boxers, James J. Corbett. This invaluable book will be mailed you on receipt of 13 cents in stamps.

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BIJOU FERNANDEZ, JUST MARRIED.



MAY MACKENZIE, THE INTIMATE FRIEND OF EVELYN NESBIT THAW, AND A WELL KNOWN PERFORMER.

OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS.

HERE YOU'LL GET A GLIMPSE OF SOME FAVORITE THEATRICAL BEAUTIES WHO ALWAYS MANAGE TO KEEP BEFORE THE PUBLIC.



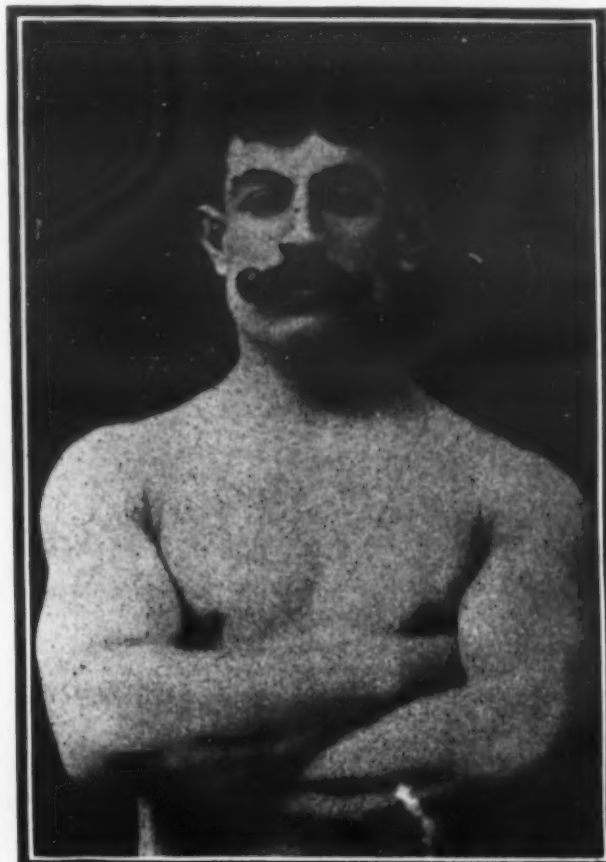
HENRY SENDELE.

A GERMAN-AMERICAN WRESTLER OF NEW YORK, WHO CHALLENGES.



MORRIS HARRIS.

STRONG MAN AND A LIGHTWEIGHT WRESTLER OF SUPERIOR, WIS.



ALEXANDER JOHNSON.

HE IS A SYRIAN STRONG MAN AND ATHLETE OF YOUNGSTOWN, O.



SPIDER, 52 POUNDS.

A WELL KNOWN AND HIGHLY PRIZED BROOD BITCH WHO HAS WHELPED MANY WINNERS; AND A FINE BRED PIT BULL OWNED BY J. L. SCHOFIELD, A NOTED DOG FANCIER, OF LEXINGTON, MO.



SPORT, CATCH WEIGHT.



LO, THE POOR INDIAN!

TAKEN AT THE INDIAN AGENCY, WHITEROCKS, UTAH, BY H. W. GERDES, OF FORT DUCHESNE, UTAH, WITH OTTO STEIGER, A GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE, IN THE CENTRE.

CHAMPION CRIMINAL

-A TITLE WELL EARNED-

OF THE COUNTRY

Big Bill Mason Has a Record in Crime Which is Not to be Equalled For Startling Deeds.

A DAREDEVIL WHO TOOK DESPERATE CHANCES.

He Had Nerve and Daring, But He Was Unfortunate in Being Apprehended For Most of the Crimes He Committed.

There is a man in the special confinement cells in the Indiana State Prison at Michigan City, who, if he ever takes a backward glance over his life, must say it has been mighty hard. If he contemplates what is in store he sees a rough road before him, more convictions, more imprisonments and more close confinements. It doesn't make any difference if he reforms now. That won't help him, because the crimes for which he is to suffer are all charged up against him. They are so numerous and so varied that if he had to suffer for them all a score of lifetimes would not be enough to fill out the period he would have to serve in prison. That is for the crimes for which he could be certainly convicted. If others of which he is suspected were brought home to him he would have to pay the penalty with his life and pay it again and again.

This man's name is Richard Keegan, but he is better known in the annals of crime as Bill Mason, alias Big Bill. He has many other aliases. In Michigan City he is W. T. Wright. In the Northfield Bank raid in which he participated with the Younger and the James boys, he was "the kid;" in Chicago, around Mike McDonald's and George Hankins' gambling houses, he was known as the "high roller of faro," but for the purposes of this story he is just Bill Mason, a burglar, train robber, yeggman, sneak thief, snatcher, jail breaker, strong arm man, police fighter, desperado, and, perhaps, murderer. He has pursued all of these branches of crime, and while he has been successful in them all, he has spent nearly twenty-five years in prison, so that in the balance he strikes in his fifty-fifth year the account is heavily against him.

Early one morning in 1898 there was a police fight at the foot of West Forty-second street, in New York, in which the police, led by Detectives Fogarty and Stripp, and supported by half a dozen others, captured Mason, Thomas Reilly and James Coffey and fought a battle that still is a tradition of real glory to the New York police force. Since that time Mason has never been a free man for a minute, and the precautions with which he is locked up preclude the likelihood, if they do not the possibility, of freedom.

In 1898 he was taken to Philadelphia and an attempt was made to bring home to him the murder of Major W. C. Wilson in that city in 1897. It was not successful. That crime is still shrouded in mystery, although Mason was known to be in the city on the day it was committed. Major Wilson was a bibliophile and kept a second-hand bookshop in No. 1117 Walnut street. One night about sundown he was found dead, with his brains beaten out. His money was gone, of which he was known to have considerable, and there was no

he robbed the same day in Callowhill street. Both crimes were committed on the day of the murder. If he murdered Wilson, the bookseller, also his criminal activity must have been prodigious. They convicted him of the knockout drops and sent him to the Eastern Penitentiary for eight years.

In all of Mason's arrests he was well provided with "fall money" and was able to get the best criminal talent of the Bar to fight his cases. It was his boast that he never pleaded guilty.

Mason's known career begins in September, 1878. He is supposed to have been born in Missouri, but of his early life there is no history. That he was in with the Younger and James boys is known, because he was in Northfield, Minn., when the First National Bank was robbed and informed the raiders in Jeff's restaurant that the cashier of the bank, Heywood, and two clerks had sent out for their dinners, and the bank on that day would not be left, as usual, in charge of one man. The harvest was just over and the farmers were in town in considerable numbers settling their accounts and the clerks remained at their desks. Nevertheless, the raiders determined to rob the bank. Mason was not wounded. He had been in Northfield several days studying the situation, and after the robbers had eaten and drunk in Jeff's restaurant he paid his bill and disappeared.

The history of that affair is an oft told tale. The bandits rode through the town firing their pistols and warning people off the streets. Three of the Youngers and Cle Miller shot Heywood, who had closed the safe. The citizens rallied, reinforced by the farmers, and fought them out of town. In their pursuit Chadwell, Cle Miller and Charley Pitts were killed and all the rest wounded, Bob Younger, with a wound that could not be stung. Jesse and Frank James wanted to kill him because he left a trail. To this Cole Younger refused to accede, and the James boys and the Youngers separated. The James boys made good their escape. The Youngers were rounded up a month later in a swamp in the Western part of the State.

As to Mason, he took the train to Mankato and in the confusion escaped arrest. He was a year later identified as the "Kid" in the Northfield affair and had just robbed the chief clerk of the Southern Hotel in St. Louis when he was arrested. Wilson, the clerk, was accustomed to lock the surplus cash in a safe in an inner room of the main office before he went off watch, at eleven o'clock at night. He was performing this duty when he was startled by the presence of an armed and masked man, who stood beside him and calmly gathered up the money, saying at the same

the police ran in from behind and captured him. He was taken to the Four Courts police station and two days afterward disappeared from his cell. He was not recaptured. A turnkey was suspected of having aided his escape.

Mason shortly afterward appeared in Chicago, where he made his headquarters at Dave Thornton's, "The Store," in Clark street. He had lots of money and ostensibly his business was to make show of it by buying drinks for the thirsty and impecunious gamblers who frequented the same place. Meanwhile he was playing faro in Mike McDonald's place, and occasionally in George Hankins' across the street.

Before he left Chicago, however, he determined to make one big play, and the story runs that he broke George Hankins' bank. At any rate they shut down on him. A short time before that the house of H. F. Whitcomb, president of the Wisconsin Central Railroad, in Milwaukee, had been entered and robbed. The burglar hadn't disturbed anybody. He had just gathered the loot and disappeared. The spoil had been traced to a fence in Chicago about the time Mason had made his big play at Hankins' faro bank, and the fence had given Mason away. While the Milwaukee police were looking for him at Dave Thornton's, the hanger-on of the gambling house had arranged to rob him while he was at supper in the Alley Restaurant, known to all gamblers. Either they broke ground too quick or did not get him at the expected disadvantage. Four of them attacked him but he beat them all and escaped to the street just as the Milwaukee police, supported by men from the Central Office, came up and took him. They carried him off to Milwaukee, where he was locked up in the Central Office cells.

Presently he sent for the two detectives credited with his arrest and invited them into the cell, saying that he would give up—they had him fast enough and it was no use; he might as well tell the whole story. The men stepped inside the door, when he seized them both and threw them violently against the rear wall of the cell. In an instant he was outside and had shut the door and was running toward the main entrance. One of the detectives recovered sufficiently to fire at him before he was out of range. The bullet took effect, but Mason got clear away out into the country.

A few nights afterward a badly wounded man dragged himself to the door of the house of J. I. Case, in Racine, owner of J. I. C., the trotting horse, and asked for aid. It was Mason. He was delivered to the police and sent to Waupun State Prison for eight years. While there it was learned that he had escaped from Los Angeles jail a year before, the escape antedating his affair at the Southern Hotel. The California authorities lodged a detainer against him, charging him with a stage robbery. At once Mason bent his energies to escape. Waupun is regarded as one of the safe prisons of the United States. It is surrounded by a high wall and the prisoners work in shops. There is no outdoor work whatever, and the cell house is regarded as absolutely secure. Nevertheless, Mason sawed his cell door, sawed the bars from a window out of the cell house, a task that, under the circumstances, must have taken some weeks, scaled the wall and was free.

Then began his career in the East. He appeared at Tarrytown on the Hudson and robbed the house of Mr. Bradley, vice-president of the local savings bank. He was taken in the Peekskill special on his way to New York and lodged in White Plains jail. His partner, Moore, was taken with him. They remained in White Plains jail over night, and in the morning when the cells were unlocked seized the under Sheriff and locked him in their cell and walked out.

Then the White Plains Sheriff got after Mason, and, strange to say, found him near by, at Kensico, where he was living in idyllic comfort in the little cottage he had bought with the profits of some foray, and he was promptly arrested, tried and sentenced to Sing Sing for fourteen years. They only held him in the White Plains jail one night, but railroaded him to Sing Sing, and were pleased to have held him safely so long.

At Sing Sing Mason was received like any other convict. The system there applies to all convicts, and is framed to keep the worst of them, and is generally amply strong to hold them.

Whether he would have stayed in Sing Sing or taken some means to escape, as is more likely, cannot be said, for one day a semi-insane convict made an attack on Dr. Barber with a knife. Mason was at work near by, and as the convict sprang upon the official he threw his paint brush in his face and instantly sprang upon him. It was a feat nobody could have performed except a man physically strong and mentally prompt to act, and the State rewarded him with a pardon. It was fairly enough earned, but mistaken clemency.

Afterward Mason went to Gloucester, where a stool pigeon, Reddy, the Gloucester, his former betrayer, located him and reported his whereabouts to William Henderson, otherwise known as The Snatcher, a trusted detective, employed chiefly by P. A. R. Widener, of the street car companies. Henderson got together some Philadelphia Central Office men and went over to Gloucester, where they surrounded the saloon. The stool pigeon was sent in to find out just how Mason was engaged, and if possible to get him to drink with him. One or two of the detectives followed him in and Mason became suspicious and the effort to arrest him was precipitated. Henderson and the others dashed in, some six of them in all, and threw themselves on the man. He fought them off and got into the back yard. Pistols were drawn, but the shots were ineffective, and Mason got clear away over the fence and escaped, carrying Billy Henderson's pistol with him.

Returning the pistol cost Mason his freedom. The express package was traced to the office from which it was sent in West 125th street, and with this clew Stripp and Fogarty, of the New York force, ran him and his companions down near the West Shore station, where they were on the point of taking the train.

They took Mason back to Philadelphia, and after he served his time there he was returned to Michigan City, where he is serving the remainder of his sentence in close confinement. But in the meantime Major Sylvester, the Chief of Police of Washington, had lodged a detainer against him for the burglary of United States Senator Stewart's house in Washington.

The robbery took place probably on Mason's first trip to the East, just after he escaped from Waupun. The burglar awakened Miss Mabelle Stewart, and as he took off his hat to apologize for his intrusion displaced his mask. He escaped. The Washington police procured his indictment and have been after him since.

• BASEBALL NOTES •

Doc Casey is not hitting in his old-time form. The little third baseman is also throwing poorly.

There hasn't been anything the matter with Cy Seymour's batting since he joined the New Yorks.

Danny Shay is not playing in the big league this year, as he refused to play in St. Louis. He is



Photo by Horner: Boston.

ED KILLIAN.

A Crack Left-Handed Twirler of the Detroit Americans who is Pitching Good Ball.

playing out in California. McGraw will not use him this season, but will have him ready to get into the game regularly next year, probably at second base.

Roscoe Miller, a former pitcher for Detroit, has been sold for \$2,500 to the Cleveland team by the Des Moines Club.

President Soden says there is absolutely no truth in the rumor that the Boston Nationals are to have a new owner.

The St. Louis Club has traded Pitcher Al Egan and Shortstop George F. McBride to Kansas City for Infielder Billy Phyle.

Jim O'Rourke of the Bridgeport team is fairly heartbroken because O'Dell, his crack third baseman, hopped to the outlaws.

President Murphy, of the Chicago Nationals, has purchased Infielder Osborne, of Canton, and Pitcher Durbin, of Joplin, Mo.

Al Orth, the curveless wonder, of the Highlanders, is said to be desirous of quitting the game in deference to the wishes of his wife.

No minor league player can be sold after Aug. 25, as the drafting season opens Sept. 1, and all sales must be on record before that time.

Chick Stahl, of the Boston, declares that he will never become a baseball manager. "Not for me," says Chick: "life is too short; let somebody else do the worrying."

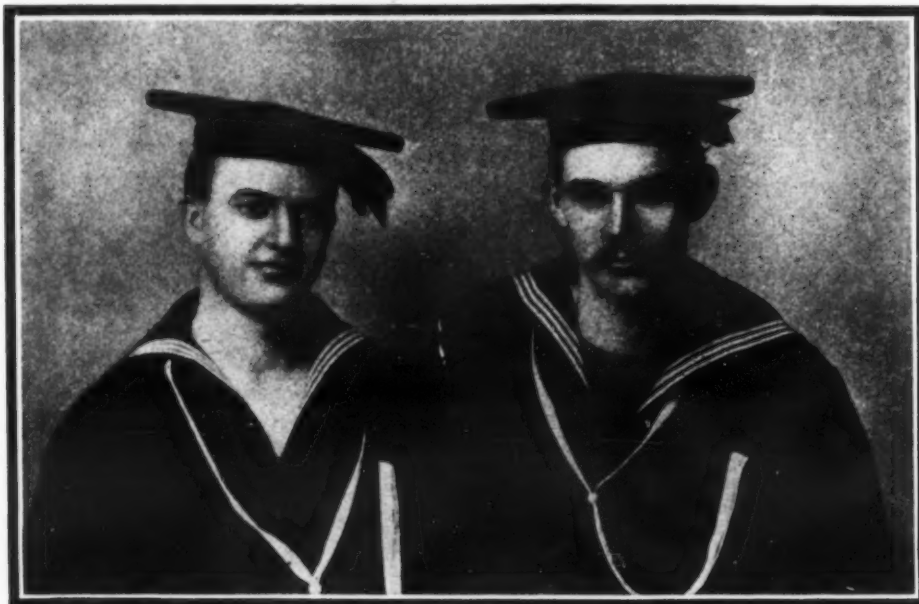
Eddie Lennox, the star third baseman of the Tri-State League and one of the best infielders that has ever taken care of the third station on a Lancaster team, has joined the Philadelphia Americans.

Clarence Foster, the hard-hitting right-fielder of the Newark team, has accepted terms of \$1,000 for the rest of the season and \$500 a month for next season, offered by the Lancaster Club in the Tri-State League.

The veteran Herman Long, who shuffled into obscurity after being dropped by the Yankees, is managing the Omaha, Neb., team. The old shortstop recently tried to play first base, but didn't prosper to any vast extent.

THE ODDS IN POKER

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SAM MCGREGOR AND JACK REED.

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trace of the thief. A negro porter was arrested for the murder. It was only a blind to cover the pursuit of Mason, who was finally taken at the foot of Forty-second street. He was brought to Philadelphia and held at Moyamensing for several months. There was no jewelry taken from the body of Wilson, and, therefore, no way of tracing the robbery, and George Graham, the District Attorney, finally put Mason on trial for two offences, one the highway robbery of a bookmaker on his way to the track with his employer's bank roll, the other the administering of knockout drops to a man

time to Wilson: "Nothing will happen to you if you behave yourself; just keep quiet." Then he disappeared carrying the money with him. Wilson ran into the outer office and gave the alarm. There were many persons there, among them Baylis W. Hanna, the general counsel of the Missouri Pacific Railroad and subsequently American Minister to the Argentine. A young man had just asked him for a light for his cigar and Mr. Hanna had indicated the match tray on the counter. The man calmly reached for a match and Wilson saw that the forefinger of his right hand was lacking. He had observed that the member was wanting in the masked man who had robbed him a moment before, and he cried: "Seize him; there is the thief!" The man—it was Mason—backed off with his pistol out, and, holding the crowd at bay, was still moving backward toward the Fourth street entrance when

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BOUTS IN THE RING

BY THE MANY MITT ARTISTS

DURING THE WEEK

A Boom in the Boxing Game Which Pleases the
Knuckle Dusters Who Need the Money.

THE PACIFIC COAST ATHLETIC CLUB GETS BUSY

Sailors Who Know the Game Have an Interesting Seance at the Naval Training
Station, Newport, R. I.—Al Kauffman Beats Fred Bradley.

It took Al Kauffman, the California aspirant for the heavyweight championship, five rounds to dispose of Fred Bradley, the Roxbury ex-amateur heavyweight champion, at the Lincoln Club, Chelsea, Mass., on Aug. 7. The bout was limited to fifteen rounds, and had Kauffman been the wonder he was touted to be, he would have won earlier than he did. He had many opportunities, but he did not appear to know how to take advantage of them.

The large crowd of members that witnessed the bout were much disappointed in Kauffman as a boxer. He has height and reach, and can hit hard with the right hand, but there is little force in his left. While he is practically a newcomer in the professional arena, he failed to show anything on this occasion, so far as cleverness is concerned, to lead anyone to have such a high opinion of him as the Californians have been expressing about him.

When the gong sounded for the opening round the men wasted no time getting together, and after Bradley had tried with the left, but was blocked, they got to mixing it at close range. After breaking from a clinch they got to swapping punches.

Bradley then swung the left over to the jaw, but was countered on the body. Bradley then put the right to the head, and blocked the return. Bradley put another left over to the face, but was countered hard on the body with the right.

Kauffman put several tantalizing lefts into Bradley's face, and shot a couple of rights to the head and body. Bradley sent the left to the face, and followed with a right on the ribs. After Bradley had landed another left on the jaw he was countered by Kauffman with a left on the face. The latter stabbed Bradley a few times on the nose and the round closed with Bradley sending the left to the body.

Kauffman was sent out for the second round to use his favorite punches—a left lead for the face, following with the right. Though he got the left over several times, few of his rights reached the spot they were intended for. He did, however, shoot the right hard to Bradley's body several times, but the latter gave him some good rights and lefts in return.

Bradley again raised the hopes of his admirers at the opening of the third round by planting left and right on Kauffman's jaw twice. Then they began exchanging punches at close range, Kauffman scoring the best. After Kauffman drove right to the heart, he came back with a left hook to the face. Bradley shot the right to the ribs.

After Kauffman had put some more rights to the body and on the jaw, Bradley began to stagger and tried to save himself by holding. Although Bradley showed signs of going to pieces at the close of the round, Kauffman also looked worried.

Both came out for the fourth round apparently fresh, but after Kauffman had put a few rights to the body and jaw, Bradley again began to wobble. He fought back pluckily and sent home rights to the head and lefts to the face.

Kauffman, seeing the shape that Bradley was in, tried to finish the job, but he acted crudely in trying to pull off the trick. Bradley managed to swing his right to the head, but was invariably countered. After Kauffman had got home two left stabs in the face, the round closed.

As soon as the fifth round started, Kauffman went after Bradley and the latter was in such bad shape that he was barely able to defend himself. Kauffman sent the right to body and face, and put the left on the face and jaw repeatedly. He got in close and forced Bradley into his own corner.

After putting several short right uppercuts on the chin and right jolts on the jaw, he drove Bradley to an opposite corner and finally put him to the boards with a right on the jaw. Referee Flaherty counted off the fatal ten seconds and declared Kauffman the winner.

NEIL ON THE DOWN GRADE.

Harry Baker, the Pacific Coast amateur boxer, fought and won his first 20-round professional battle before the Pacific Coast A. C., at Los Angeles, Cal., on Aug. 7, beating Frankie Neil, the ex-bantam champion.

YOU CAN BE AN EXPERT

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At the end of the twentieth round, Tommy Burns, who acted as referee because of Neil's objection to Charley Eytan, raised Baker's blood-stained glove above his head, while the crowd howled its approval.

Throughout the battle Baker fought with a coolness and precision which surprised every one save De Witt Van Court, his developer and trainer. A straight left with an occasional right cross, were the only blows used by the new star in the eight rounds after suffering a severe sprain of his right thumb, and the left hand alone was left him with which to gain the battle. Throughout the fight Neil did the forcing. Baker blocking, hitting and sidestepping with the precision of an automaton.

The second round marked Baker's class, for after being knocked down in the first he came back with



FOUR CARNIVAL BOYS.

Peter Kron, Albert Blouin, William Joachum and Hy Eblin, all of New Orleans, La., as Grand Marshals of the Mardi Gras Carnival, a Unique Crescent City Celebration.

the speed of a whirlwind, drawing streams of blood from Neil's nose and battering the champion's eyes into a worse condition than that at the end of the Attell fight July 4. Neil swung blow after blow to the jaw and stomach, but was unable materially to slow down his clever antagonist.

In the eighth round Frankie smashed one of his terrible right hooks to Baker's stomach, but the lad only shook his head and came back for more.

The showing of Baker in this battle was the more surprising since it was his first twenty-round fight. Before this he fought and won one ten-round mill and forty-one four-round goes. The only decision which he ever lost was in his first battle, while in the second he knocked his first opponent out in three rounds.

SOME BETTING ON THIS BATTLE.

In the presence of five thousand seamen from the various vessels of Uncle Sam's navy, Seaman Tag, of the Alabama, defeated Seaman Condon, of the Kearsarge, in the barracks of the Naval Training Station, at Newport, R. I., on Aug. 4.

Fully \$10,000 was bet on the result of the fight, as practically every sailor in the fleet backed one man or the other with every cent he could scrape together.

A number of women, heavily veiled and handsomely dressed, saw the fight, accompanied by officers of the fleet.

There were several rattling good preliminaries, two of them resulting in clean knockouts. These bouts, however, had little interest for the jacksies, who were impatient for the main event. Tag was pitted against Condon, of the Kearsarge. The men were chosen after a long series of eliminating trials, in which each of them had a clean score of knockouts. Both men tipped the scale at 150 pounds. In the trials they had upset men weighing close to 200 pounds.

The fight was under straight Queensberry rules. Fleet

Paymaster George Simpson was the timekeeper. There were two referees by request of the principals, who could not agree on one man. They were Seaman Rawlins, of the Alabama, and Seaman Pauline, of the training station. Flag Lieutenant Crossley represented Admiral Evans at the fight.

The men got a rousing reception when they climbed into the ring, which was of regulation size—twenty-four feet square, and padded. With the championship went a purse of \$50, appropriated from the athletic fund of the fleet. All the jacksies rambled their last cent on the fight. The crew of the Alabama subscribed to a fund, which was laid even on Tag. The crew of the Kearsarge had equal confidence in Condon, who was the popular favorite.

It was a fast mill from the first. Tag got the decision on his aggressiveness. In the first four rounds he was constantly rushing. His work was spectacular, but Condon was countering heavily with right and left to the body, and in the fifth and sixth rounds his work began to show. On points it was Tag's battle, but at the end Condon was the stronger. He lost to the showy boxer. There were no knockdowns, but in the sixth Condon drove Tag all around the ring and had him holding at the bell.

The uproar was terrific while the fight was in progress. The entire 3,000 officers, men and apprentices alike, were filled with the spirit of the battle, and they cheered and stamped in frenzy.

STOCKTON, CAL., BOUTS.

With a right cross to the point of the jaw Billy Hamilton disposed of Young Molen, at Stockton, Cal., recently, in the third round, before the National A. C.

The fight was scheduled to go ten rounds. Molen floored Hamilton in the first round. The knockout came in an exciting mix-up and few saw the blow landed.

Three other short and fast bouts were pulled off. Jimmy Sullivan, of San Francisco, gained a decision over Kid Fargo, of Stockton, at the end of the sixth round. The San Francisco boy had the better of the argument all the way through. The prettiest and cleverest fight of the evening was between Kid Austin and Tommy Pay, both of San Francisco. Although Pay was the stronger and had his man all but out in the

phy came back at Robson the Briton stood perfectly still and slipped half a dozen of Tommy's short hooks, rights and lefts by merely turning his head from side to side, but finally Murphy reached him on the eye with a right that staggered the Englishman and made him cover up and stall to save himself. Murphy went in with great vigor, but was wild and soon Robson was in shape to fight his way out of the hole he had gotten himself into. There was a lot of ineffective work during the balance of the round.

Murphy rushed Robson to the ropes early in the third round and smashed away with left and right and without doing any damage, and a little later Robson stood still in the centre of the ring and let Tommy swing six times at him, each swing missing by only the fraction of an inch. Then Robson turned his back on Murphy as though to walk away, hoping to tempt Tommy to come after him, but Murphy wouldn't bite at this trick, and also refused it several times later in the contest. At the end of the round it could be seen that a lump was appearing over Robson's eye.

The fourth round was slow, fancy business by Robson and holding by both men taking up most of the three minutes.

In the sixth each man got a bloody nose—Murphy from two straight lefts and Robson from a right hook, but neither seemed disposed to force matters to any extent.

The sixth round was fast enough, and once Robson was knocked back against the ropes in a way that looked damaging, but he was not hurt, and danced around in his usual style to the end of the contest. Taken as a whole, while the bout was fast, it was very disappointing, and savored of a look ahead for another bout.

In the preliminary contests Dick Givens, of Pittsburgh, and Young Joe Grim boxed a hard draw; Young Loughrey shaded Battling Kelly in six rounds, while Kid Beebe had the better of a six-round bout with Kid Wopst, of Cincinnati.

ENGLISH LAD DEFEATED.

Al Delmont, who has scored victories over the best of the little fellows in the East, won another victory at Lymanville, a suburb of Providence, R. I., on August 7, when he was awarded the decision over Ike Bradley, the English bantam.

Delmont, who was rather in disfavor with the crowd for some reason, used a left jab and uppercut throughout the bout, landing at will. The Englishman seemed to have stage-fright and made a poor showing throughout with the exception of the last round, when, goaded by the shouts of his seconds and the crowd, he started in to land a knockout, if possible. He met a stone wall defense, however.

Delmont was cool and cautious, although many times he left big openings in the hope of coaxing the Briton to mix it up, but all to no avail. Bradley suffered from the blows which were rained upon him, but managed to stay out the round.

The semi-final between Johnny Lynch, of Cambridge, and Al Bates, of the same city, went the eight rounds and when the decision was announced in favor of the former, the sports sent up a howl, saying that a draw should have been given to Bates. The latter was clever and showed up well.

In the preliminary, George Jansen, of Lymanville, knocked out Young Sayers in one minute.

M'FADDEN WENT OUT.

Kid McFadden, the little brick-top boxer of San Francisco, who a few years ago was a top-notch, came into the limelight again on Aug. 4, at Everett, Wash., where he fought Percy Cove, of that city.

McFadden has gone back considerably and was knocked out in the fourteenth round. In the third round of the twenty-round go McFadden took the count three times, coming up apparently uninjured. McFadden kept stalling for knockout punches, but Cove's clever footwork frustrated the attempts. The Kid was knocked through the ropes twice again in the eleventh round. In fourteenth round McFadden took the count and came up strong, but soon went down finally from a broadside of head wallop. Cove is open for higher game.

ROBSON BEATS STINGER.

On the eve of his departure for England, Spike Robson, the rugged Briton, defeated Kid Stinger, the Italian champion of Pennsylvania, in the windup at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, on Aug. 9. The bout went the limit with Robson having the advantage in every round.

JAMES B. BRADY'S ACCOUNTANT.

[WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

When Capt. Sam Brown, of Troubadour fame, the millionaire turfman, died a year ago, the star of his stable of thoroughbreds was a brown colt named Accountant, of which great things were expected this year. To settle the estate a disposal sale was ordered, and this colt of rare speed and breeding became the property of James Buchanan Brady, better known as "Diamond Jim," a multi-millionaire railway magnate. Mr. Brady had owned many famous horses before, among them Gold Heels, Olsen, Major Daingerfield and Waterlight, all frequent winners of classic events on the Eastern turf, but he paid \$45,000 for Accountant without hesitation, and the endorsement of his judgment was seen when the horse won the rich Realization stakes at Sheepshead Bay, and the Brighton Derby and other events valued at \$60,000, besides as much more in wagers for his popular owner.

BEAT A BIG MAN

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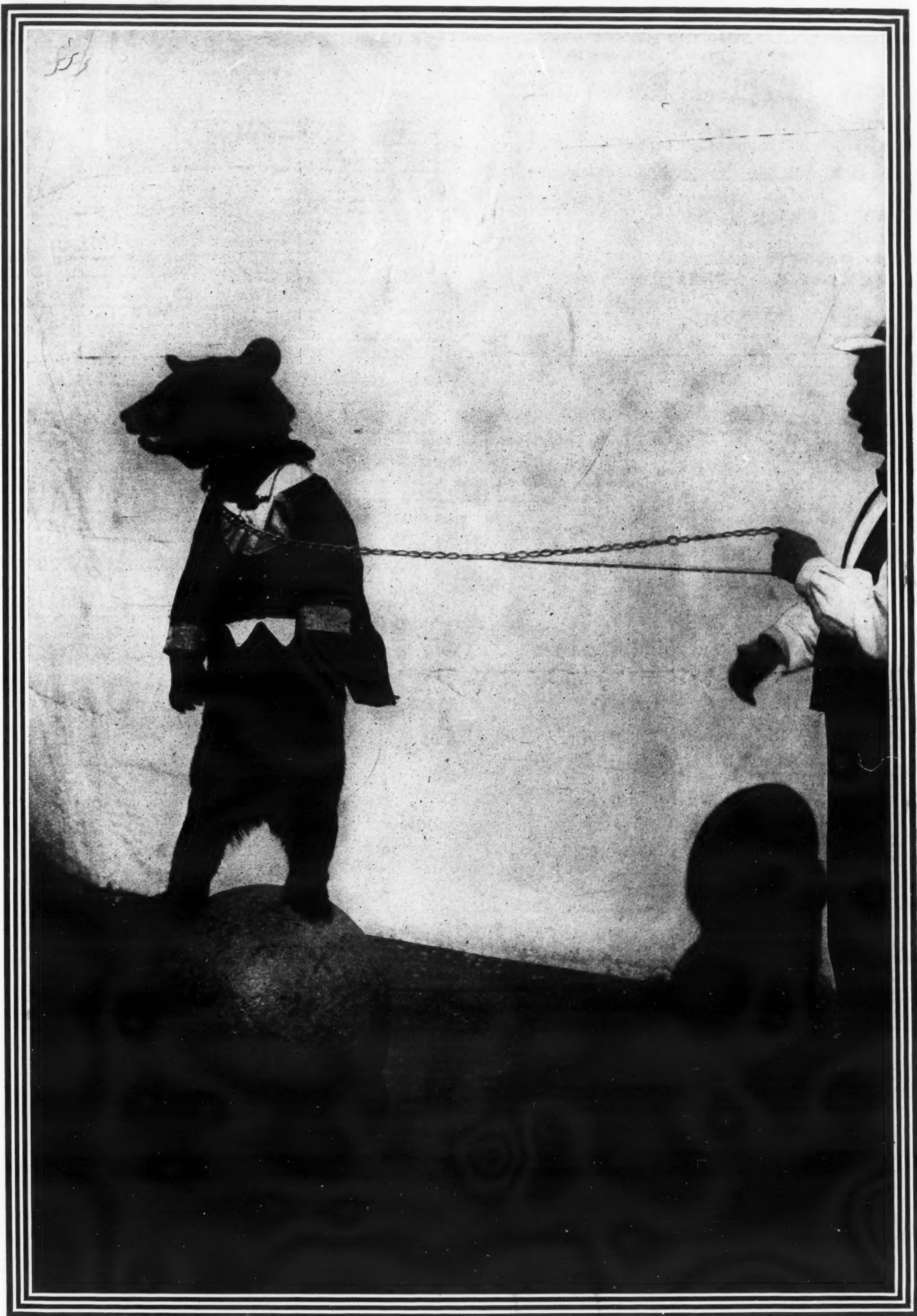
BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS.

PAULINE NEFF AND SIBILLA THORNE AND MAJOR CRAWFORD'S TRAINED LIONS MAKING AN INTERESTING PICTURE AND SHOWING THEY ARE NOT AT ALL AFRAID.



HERE'S A TUG OF WAR.

MAJOR CRAWFORD, OF THE MUNDY ANIMAL SHOW, A PIECE OF MEAT AND A HUNGRY LIONESS. THE QUESTION IS, WHO WINS? WHAT'S THE ANSWER?



RIGHT ON THE JOB.

PAUL BATTY'S FAMOUS CLOWN BEAR, THE BEST IN THE WORLD, DOING ONE OF HIS STUNTS AT THE MUNDY ANIMAL SHOW, CONEY ISLAND, N. Y.

NELSON AND GANS HAVE

WILL FIGHT AT GOLDFIELD, NEV., ON LABOR DAY—

ACCEPTED TERMS OFFERED

Jack O'Brien Renigs on His Acceptance of an Offer to
Fight Bill Squires, Champion of Australia.

KNOWS OF SOFTER MARKS AND GOES AFTER THEM

Small Talk in the World of Pugilism—Tommy Murphy Evens Things up With
Spike Robson—Was John L. Sullivan World's Champion?—Why?

It wouldn't surprise me if a new issue of Treasury bank notes of large denomination were ordered to meet the demands of the promoters who are bidding for the privilege of holding the forthcoming battle between Joe Gans and Battling Nelson. Forty thousand dollars is the amount already involved, and before an acceptance is reached it is probable that the high water mark of \$45,000, for which Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Hall fought at New Orleans will be passed and discounted. In this feature of the affair, however, we have no interest; the fact that the two lightweights will fight is of paramount importance, and the news that they have signed articles will be received by fight enthusiasts all over the world with keen interest. Billy Nolan and Nelson, who have so long resisted Gans' efforts to bring about a meeting, are nevertheless responsible for the statement that the battle would take place.

The following telegram from Battling Nelson tells of his having been matched to fight Joe Gans at Goldfield, Nev.:

"Fight Labor Day, Goldfield, Nev., in open air. I only insist on 133 ringside, and a fight to a finish, so that either Gans or I will be the real, undisputed lightweight champion of the world. No limited round fight with Gans for me, as Gans is the one man in this world I want to beat, and think in a finish fight I am sure winner. One thing is certain, I will either win or die in the attempt, if we fight all day to do it. Hope to see you at the ringside. Have long put Gans off as he was a self-confessed fakir, but the public craved a real championship fight, and they came through with the real money, and I have never refused to fight anything if it looks like a fighter, if the 'mazuma' is in sight.

"BATTILING NELSON."

This looks like business! Let us hope so!

That old chestnut of a question about John L. Sullivan ever having been the heavyweight champion of the world was put up to me the other day in a new guise. A correspondent in Los Angeles, Cal., wrote as follows:

LOS ANGELES, CAL., AUG. 2, 1906.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Inclosed find clipping from this morning's *Examiner* in answer to inquiry by me to save time, and decide a bet between a friend and myself. This local editor is quite a judge on sporting matters, but this time makes a mistake. I also think the same as you and backed my think with a little money. My friend taking this clipping as final figures that he wins, as it is the world against you, so will you kindly tell this misguided sport how it was that John did not bring home the goods so that I can gather in a little easy money and show them the error of their ways. Will you kindly print the answer in your paper as I am a subscriber, and as soon as I get my *GAZETTE* I will cut it out and keep it to save further argument.

Yours truly, R. ACOSTA.

168 North Main street, Los Angeles, Cal.

The clipping referred to reads as follows:

Dear Sir: Was John L. Sullivan ever champion of the world?
SUBSCRIBER.
Richard K. Fox is about the only man who does not think so.

Now a fighter may theoretically be a marvel and yet from a technical standpoint be nothing. Briefly then, it is the opinion of the sporting editor of the *POLICE GAZETTE* that John L. Sullivan was the greatest fighter of his day, but that is only an opinion; whereas the technical facts fail to show that he ever won the title of champion of the world in an international battle. He never fought Jem Smith, champion of England; Peter Jackson, the champion of Australia, was repeatedly refused a battle; likewise Frank Slavin, a logical candidate for championship honors; and when Sullivan fought Charley Mitchell in France, the best he could get was a draw. We are ready to express the belief that Sullivan could have beaten any and all of these men, but the fact remains that he did not, for reasons for which he alone was responsible. How then can any reasonable person qualify the statement that Sullivan was champion of the world. I am open to conviction. Let us hear from some of our readers who take a different view of the subject.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien reminds me of nothing so much as a white check. He manages to get all over the layout at a speed which astonishes one. Not little surprise he got at the hands of Sam Berger seems to have caused a material dislocation of his plans, and his hurried and evidently unintentional trip to Europe makes us at a loss to understand his future intentions. O'Brien evidently doesn't know what he wants to do. He first expressed his intention of going to Australia to fight Bill Squires, the new Antipodean champion, and accepted the terms offered, a \$10,000 purse and \$1,500 for expenses; but that probably looked like a hard job, and when Jimmy Lowes, of Newcastle, came over and offered him substantial inducements to go to England and fight three soft

LEARN TO MIX DRINKS

With the aid of the 1906 Hoffman House Bartender's Guide, by Charley Mahoney, of that celebrated cafe; it is finely illustrated. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.

marks, O'Brien, who has a weakness for that sort of a game, doubtless reniged on his Australian engagement and ducked over the briny to grab at Lowes' good thing.

O'Brien's failure to go to Australia will cause a lot of disappointment to the sporting people of that country. According to Bill Naughton, the moving spirit in the enterprise was a Melbourne bookmaker named Joe Wren. He has promulgated several pugilistic events notable among them being a championship affair between Squires and Tim Murphy. There was a crowd of 14,350 on hand and Squires won. Wren has been in communication with O'Brien relative to the greater contest of the world's championship, and O'Brien had accepted the terms offered. According to Wren transportation across the Pacific has been forwarded to O'Brien, and the Philadelphian was to leave San Francisco for Australia early in September. Wren has a

last two rounds, Tag was the aggressor in the first four and on this he won the bout.

The match was arranged some time ago and the coming of the fleet to Newport, where sufficient space and proper facilities would be available, was awaited. There were present about 3,000 persons, officers and men of the fleet and seamen apprentices of the training station, also a number of women veiled. The match was for \$50 a side as well as the middleweight title. Seaman Rawlins, of the Alabama, and Seaman Pauline, of the training station, were referees. Pay Inspector Simpson was timekeeper. The men weighed in at 150 pounds and each was in prime condition.

Tag started off with great confidence and for three rounds had the best of the mill. In the fourth he had Condon going, but the Kearsarge man was game and came to the scratch strong in the fifth round, and the fight from that time till the end was close. A lot of money changed hands on the result, some say \$30,000. Each vessel and the men on the other vessels on the station backing their favorites with confidence.

Little Frankie Neil seems to be all in, and a new aspirant for stellar honors springs into the limelight. Harry Baker defeated Neil the other night at Los Angeles, in a twenty-round bout. It was Baker's first bout as a professional. The fight was one of the fastest and fiercest ever witnessed at a Los Angeles club. Baker fought with a coolness that was surprising. His main blows were a straight left with an occasional right cross. He sprained his right wrist in the eighth round, but managed to more than hold his own during the remainder of the bout, though he had to depend entirely on his left. His blocking, hitting and sidestepping were remarkable. He certainly has the earmarks of a comer, and will probably be heard from shortly.

Tommy Murphy didn't let the laurel wreath of victory rest for long upon Spike Robson's brow. With commendable persistence he camped on the Englishman's trail after the latter had been awarded his initial victory and never let go until he forced him into a return match which took place the other evening in Philadelphia.

The Englishman, with his characteristic coolness, left jab and quick footwork, had the crowd wild in the first and second rounds by the ease and cleverness by which he evaded and hit Murphy. The New Yorker

shows that he does not possess much strength in his left.

In the first round Kauffman started the blood flowing from Bradley's nose with a straight left hand jab, the local man depending upon a heavy right hand for the body to bring home the victory. In the second round Bradley showed to better advantage and the match was a grand one from the spectators' point of view. In the third round Kauffman's left eye was split open by Bradley's head when they came together for a clinch. The blood poured down and Bradley was encouraged and made a wild onslaught on the Californian.

In the fourth round the bout became very tame. Kauffman acted tired from his efforts, and Bradley made a good showing with a shower of left and right hand punches. At the end of the round the crowd was cheering wildly for Bradley.

The end came in the fifth round. Bradley made a desperate rush, but Kauffman was with him and went at his antagonist like a tiger. He forced him into Bradley's own corner, and by a series of savage uppercuts he made Bradley groggy. With a smashing right hand he drove Bradley to the floor, where he was counted out by Referee Flaherty.

The limit seems to have been reached in a mechanical prize fighting opponent designed to serve as a boxing partner for the professional pugilist which has been invented by a New Britain, Conn., man. According to the *Scientific American*, this machine is really a formidable fighter, and has already gained quite an enviable reputation in the many encounters it has had. Not only does it deliver straight leads and counters, but it varies these with an occasional uppercut, and its blows are raised with a speed and power that are the envy of the professional boxer.

The machine does not "telegaph," that is, does not give a warning of a coming blow by a preliminary backward jerk, which is so common to all but the best of boxers. Nor can the opponent escape these blows by side stepping, because the automaton will follow him from one side to the other. At each side of the opponent is a trap door, connected with the base of the machine in such a way that when he steps on one or the other of these doors the machine will swing around toward him. The arms of the mechanical boxer are fitted with spring plungers, which are connected with crank handles turned by machinery.

Separate cranks are used for the right and left arms, and they carry pulleys between which an idle pulley is mounted. These pulleys are connected with the main driving pulley by a belt which is shifting from side to side, bringing first one and then the other of the boxing arms into action. The belt shifter is operated by an irregular cam at the bottom of the machine, and gives no inkling which fist is about to strike. Aside from this the body of the boxer is arranged to swing backward or forward under the control of an irregular cam, so that the blows will land in different places on the opponent. For instance, a backward swing of the body will deliver an uppercut.

The machine is driven by an electric motor, and can be made to rain blows as rapidly as the best boxer can receive them, or it may be operated slowly for the instruction of the novice. As the machine is fitted with spring arms and gloves, an agile opponent can ward off the blows and thus protect himself.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

WHAT SAM BERGER WILL DO.

Will Not Force Jeffries, But if the Latter
Wants to Fight, Why—

Whether Sam Berger ever becomes the champion of the world or not, it will certainly not be at the expense of Jim Jeffries' reputation or that of any other man who has attained a coveted position in the pugilistic world. Berger says his game is fighting not talking, and it was with some reluctance that he was the other day induced to say anything about his future movements for publication.

"All those yarns about my ultimate goal being Jeffries, do not emanate from me or my Manager Jack Gleason. It has been the custom in the past that, when one accomplishes something in the ring that attracts a little attention from the public, he is made the target for many a story and sometimes they make him say things he never said. I want to go on record as saying two things. First, I am out to make as much money as possible out of my chosen profession and I believe few will take exception at that. Merchants, mechanics, lawyers, doctors and others do the same thing. Second, I am out for the world's undisputed championship title if it is possible to secure it. Rather a high aim, some will say, but I am after it nevertheless. But mind you, I do not intend or expect to 'press agent' myself into the championship. I expect to fight for it and that seems fair. Now, as regards my going upon the stage. It is too warm to fight right now; I wanted a few weeks rest and when I received a liberal offer to put in a few weeks, I accepted. When the weather gets a little cooler, say early in the Fall, I expect to again take up my ring work. No matter what some people have claimed, I want to say that I am not matched with anybody yet; have decided on nothing definite, and although many contests have been offered me, I have made no binding promises to any club or any matchmaker."

"In regard to Jeffries," continued Berger, "I am not aiming any challenge at him in particular. If he has retired permanently from the ring let him rest in peace. If he wants to fight he will do so without any coaxing on the part of the athletic clubs or bantering on the part of any aspiring boxers. If he is through with the game and says so he means it and all who know him will quite agree with me. If he does change his mind, I will meet him, but I do not wish to be accused of building up my reputation by hurling challenges at a man who has retired, or have people say I am a grandstander. Lasting fame in the boxing ring is acquired in but one way and that is by fighting for it. This Fall I will be open to box any man in the world, black or white. I do not intend to pick out easy marks and pad up my record with a number of victories over men of mediocre ability. When I annex a man's name to my list of wins, I want it to count for something and not have it considered a meaningless, valueless trophy. Let the public show whom it thinks I shall box and I will meet him in my next contest. No matter whether he is Jeffries, O'Brien, Kauffman, Fitzsimmons, Hart, Ruhlin, Ferguson, Burns, Schreck, or the colored man Jack Johnson."

THIS PUBLICATION IS

Invaluable to everyone interested in Athletics—The Official Book of Rules for All Sports. Revised and up-to-date. Mailed on receipt of seven 2-cent stamps.



HERMAN H. HINTZE.

An Expert and Speedy Bicyclist, who Challenges any Rider in the East for any Distance
over One Hundred miles.—Address 150 West 27th Street, New York.

letter of acceptance from O'Brien in which Jack says, among other things:

"The Americans have heard little of Squires, but as long as he is reputed to be Australia's champion and is desirous of trying for the world's championship, it is my business, of course, to meet him. I am delighted with the chance to visit your shores and act in the interests of what I consider the best of sports in the universe. I will tour Australia on my arrival and will want about a month to train."

Armed with this acceptance, Wren had about perfected his plans. He has advertised the world's championship fight to take place on Melbourne cup morning, which will be some date during the first week in November. The ring to be pitched on Ascot race course a short distance from the Flemington track, where the race for the cup is run. Wren had arranged to have moving pictures taken, and expected to reap a big harvest by exhibiting them in Australia, England and the United States.

O'Brien's letter of acceptance was written before Jack met up with Sam Berger in Philadelphia, and at a time when O'Brien, by virtue of his victories over Fitzsimmons and Kauffman, considered himself the really, truly champion of the world. Now the aspect of affairs is changed and the question now is, what will O'Brien do next? The boxing game is of necessity filled with lightning shifts and changes of disposition, and even when not engaged in the strife of the ring, pugilists seem to be on the jump. They are surely creatures of circumstances and they cannot figure a week ahead.

The navy has a new pugilistic champion who bids fair to make his mark as a professional. Seaman Tag, of the Alabama, won this coveted distinction the other day in a six-round "go" at the Naval Training Station, at Newport, R. I. It was close between Tag and his opponent, Seaman Condon, of the Kearsarge, but, though neither had any advantage in the

tried all sorts of tricks, rushing and clinching, to stop the Briton's tantalizing methods, but Spike was not to be denied, and for the six minutes he made it as warm as the weather for Murphy.

It looked to be all in the Englishman's favor when the second round ended, as it appeared that Murphy was powerless before the shifty Englishman. The third round was a duplication of the first two, until near the end of the round, when Murphy, with vicious rush and furious attack, caused Spike to drop all aggressiveness and do his best to escape the terrific onslaught of the Harlem boxer.

Murphy in a second turned the vast crowd into an uproar. He kept rushing and fighting Spike to a standstill.

This rally seemed to take the dash out of Robson, for from that time on he was visibly lacking in his tantalizing aggressiveness.

One factor in the heavyweight championship situation was given his quietus the other night when Fred Bradley, the big Roxbury blacksmith, was beaten by Al. Kauffman, the former amateur heavyweight of California. Although the latter won, his victory was not impressive enough to convince anybody that he is in any sense a world-beater.

He was not clever in the least and although he carried a deadly wallop in his right hand, his lefts had little force behind them. He had the advantage in height, reach and experience over Bradley, but the showing of the latter came in for more favorable comment than that of the Californian. Bradley has just quit the amateur ranks and his performance was a creditable one. It was the right hand swings of Kauffman that put him out. These blows were mostly to the body, and as Bradley was not used to this kind of punishment, he weakened. When he finally went down for the count, his face was not marked up in the least. Kauffman had struck him several times about the face with his left, but the fact that they left no impression,

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Racing, Trotting, Baseball and Cards.

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Our Sources of Information Are Accurate and Our Decisions Settle
Many Wagers for Our Readers.

P. E. S., Charleston, S. C.—No such book published.

W. T., Boston, Mass.—No museum of that kind in New York city.

C. F. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Must announce the split when drawing cards.

Constant Reader, Paducah, Ky.—Matter of opinion; we think Jim Corbett.

F. R., Chicago, Ill.—Send 10c. and stamp for large POLICE GAZETTE Supplements.

J. K. L., Gravesend, N. Y.—Sysonby's one defeat was by Artful, in the Futurity of 1904.

E. M. A., Chicago.—Taking batting into consideration Lajole is the most valuable second baseman.

Circus, New Orleans, La.—"Nate" Salisbury, late partner of Buffalo Bill, was a successful comedian before the Wild West show was launched.

D. C. W., Portsmouth, O.—Could you inform me of some shrewd detective in or about Homestead, Pa.?

Write to Roger O'Mara, Detective Agency, Pittsburgh, Pa.

J. P. S., McClusky, N. Dak.—Cribbage; A plays the 7-spot, B plays the 8-spot and counts two; A plays the 5-spot, B plays the 6-spot and claims a run of four. Is B right or not?.....It is a run of four.

L. G. P., Sacramento, Cal.—Let me know where to get the book entitled "Fifty Ways of Beating the Races." It is published in your city?.....Never heard of such a book—one way would be good enough.

G. B., Fifield, Wis.—We have a dispute in regard to the kind of band worn on the republican white plug hat at the time of the Cleveland and Harrison election; would you give us the kind worn?.....Red, white and blue.

J. H. A., Denver, Col.—Poker; A, B, C and D A deals; D upon picking up his hand and looking it over discovers he has only four cards; he claims a misdeal; A claims his hand is dead; who is right?.....Dead hand.

D. F., Newark, N. J.—Let me know the correct name of Jimmy Handler, the prize fighter, of Newark, N. J.?

In a three-handed game of pinochle; I hold 150 trumps and a royal family and pinochle; what is my count?.....1. Newman. 2. 390.

W. M. R., Skagway, Alaska.—Let me know of some firm where I can get some flags of every nation in the world? What is the leading sporting paper in London and Ireland?.....L. Annan & Co., 99 Fulton street, New York city. 2. Sporting Life, London.

D. J. W., Rochester, N. Y.—Who was the best first baseman of last year, also, who is the best second baseman so far this year?.....In the matter of fielding average McGann led last season with .991 to .990 by Chance. Davis, Athletics, .988. Judged on ability to play the bag Davis was best. Taking batting into consideration Chance, .319, was best, Davis, .284, McGann, .290. 2. Lajole.

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE.

James J. Corbett, the world's champion boxer, is your instructor through this invaluable book, No. 9 of Fox's Athletic Library, and it will be immediately mailed to you on receipt of 13 cents in stamps.

M. W., Jersey City.—Place claim in hands of lawyer.

T. Lyman, La Belle, Mo.—The latest rule is, the card must be taken.

Cadi, Buffalo, N. Y.—Straw hats are easily cleaned with oxalic acid solution.

J. C. D., St. Johns, N. B.—Newfoundland is not part of Dominion of Canada.

L. K. T.—There is no such coin as penny in this country. Cent is the proper word.

J. N. K., Brooklyn.—Skibo Castle is owned by Andrew Carnegie. He goes there annually.

Camera, New Paltz, N. Y.—Earliest sun pictures were called daguerreotypes, after the inventor, Daguerre.

B. B. N., Montreal, Can.—Victoria Bridge, crossing the St. Lawrence River, at Montreal, was formally opened by the Prince of Wales, now King of England, in 1860.

E. N. T., Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Just made a bet with a gentleman that John L. Sullivan was the champion of the world at one time?.....He never was champion of the world.

Black and Tan, Troy, N. Y.—Where is the best place in New York to dispose of fine bred black and tan toy puppies?.....Some dealer might sell them for you on a percentage.

J. S., Chicago.—Was an umpire right in calling "Fair ball" when a high fly dropped safe on the line between home and first, and then before passing first rolled foul?.....The umpire was wrong. It was a foul ball.

G. S. V., Greensboro, N. C.—A bet that he holds better than the seven of spades in each hand of draw poker, with five players, before the draw?.....The percentage is against holding better than the seven of spades.

J. M. D., Lumber City, Ga.—Can you give me the present address of Ed. DeRoote, the French middleweight who sailed for England some months ago?.....Care of Sporting Life, London, will reach him if he is in England.

J. L., Toronto.—Casino; A holds ace, deuce, nine and ten; there is a seven on the table; A plays the deuce and makes it nine; B cannot take it then; A plays the ace and builds the ten; B claims it is wrong; which wins?.....A is wrong; cannot make that play.

Reader, Salem, Ia.—Pitch; A deals; B bids 3; all the rest pass; A is on 8; B on 4; C on 10; D on 3; E on 6; F on 8; when the hand is played out, A makes high, Jack and game and claims out; C is on 10 and makes low and claims out; who wins the game?.....C wins.

F. G., Woodhaven, L. I.—What is the best drink in a saloon for a fellow who intends to follow up wrestling? What is the best for rub down? Where is the best place in Brooklyn to learn wrestling?.....1. Nothing. 2. Alcohol and witch hazel. 3. Prof. Mac Levy's.

W. F., Smuggler, Colo.—There are two prizes given to be shaken off by throwing three dice; high dice to take first prize and next highest second prize. Four men shake 41 points each for first place, three men shake 40 points for second place. A bet that the four 41s shake for first and second prizes, that the 40s have no right to any of the prizes given. B bets that the 40s

have a right to the second prize?.....The four high men shake off for first and second prizes—the 40s are out of it.

O. M. P., Glenwood Springs, Colo.—Who is the better Jordan, of Brooklyn, or McGann, of New York? How many stolen bases have Chance, Sheekard and Lamley? If a player makes a home run does that count four hits in the batting average?.....1. Jordan



AL MELVIN.

A Scientific Wrestler of Excelsior, Minn., who is the Amateur 128-Pound Champion.

leads McGann in batting so far as the season has gone. It would be unfair to make a comparison till the close of the season. 2. Chance. 3. Sheekard 23. Lamley 21. 3. In making up a player's batting average a home run counts as one hit.

J. R. W., Greenwich, N. Y.—In your issue of July 23, in answer to F. G. H., Fulton, N. Y., you state that four treys and a nine count twenty-four; the best I can make it is twenty; will you please answer how the twenty-four is counted?.....Nine and two red treys, 2; nine and two black treys, 2; nine and heart and club treys, 2; nine and heart and spade treys, 2; nine and diamond and club treys, 2; nine and diamond and spade treys, 2; four treys, 12—Total 24.

M. K., Seaforth, Minn.—Is a foul tip, not legally caught by catcher, a strike or foul on the third strike? Is a batted ball which rolls outside the ground down toward first or third base, which can be fielded by a fielder on fair grounds, a hit or not? When ground rules are that one base on an overthrow to first or third or a pass ball on the catcher; now, if the catcher, or anybody else, makes an overthrow immediately on any fielder, may the base runner take another base on the later overthrow, or is the ball out of play when the first overthrow is made?.....1. Merely a foul. 2. Your question is confused; any batted ball that passes first or third bases on fair ground and gets away from the fielders is a hit. 3. There is no such thing possible under the rules as restricting a runner to one base on wild throws or passed balls. The runner is entitled to all the bases he can make on such misplays.

CHALLENGES

(The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.)

Kid Rose, 398 West street, New York, challenges any 110-pound boxer in the East.

Henry Sendele, of 125 East 104th street, New York, challenges any 170-pound wrestler to meet him at any style.

Kid Gleason, of 1203 Poland Ave., Youngstown, O., writes that he would like to box Kid Murphy, of New York, at 105 pounds, any time or place.

Mark Nelson, of Minot, N. Dakota, who has lost only three fights out of eighty-nine, and who weighs 138 pounds, is looking for a match. Who's next?

Morris Harris is the champion strong man and lightweight wrestler of the Northwest. He will meet all comers for a side bet. His address is Superior, Wis.

Johnny Conlon, the clever little 105-pound boxer, of Chicago, who has cleaned up all the little fellows in that vicinity, is looking for trouble with any in the East at the above weight.

Bob Stone, a speedy youngster on the cinder path, who has made it interesting for many in the 100 and 220-yard dashes, has turned professional, and has an admirer who will bet a neat sum on his chances.

Jack Langdon, of 3005 Richmond street, Philadelphia, Pa., claims the 120-pound championship of the State. Who wants to try and get it from him? Write Nick Stokes, Manager. Eddie Kelly gets the preference.

A well known New York business man, who is an admirer of Jimmy Stone, the New York bantam, is ready to back Stone against any one in the country for \$250 at ringside. John T. Dougherty, the veteran pugilistic manager, has been selected to transact all business for Stone, and can be found at this office.

Seeing that Texas Mamie is out looking for a fight, I have a candidate for the honor that she claims, and I will back her for any part of \$500 and a percentage of a gate. Fight to be held before the club giving the largest purse. Referee to be decided on when agreement is signed and forfeit posted. State weight.—J. F. Eagle, Eagle Saloon, Buffalo, N. Y.

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BORATED TALCUM
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HE IS KNOWN AS THE CRACK 125-POUND
CHAMPION BOXER OF PENNSYLVANIA.



MARK NELSON.

HARD-HITTING BOXER OF
MINOT, N. DAKOTA.



KID ROSE.

A NEW YORKER WHO BOXES AT 110
POUNDS AND WHO CHALLENGES.

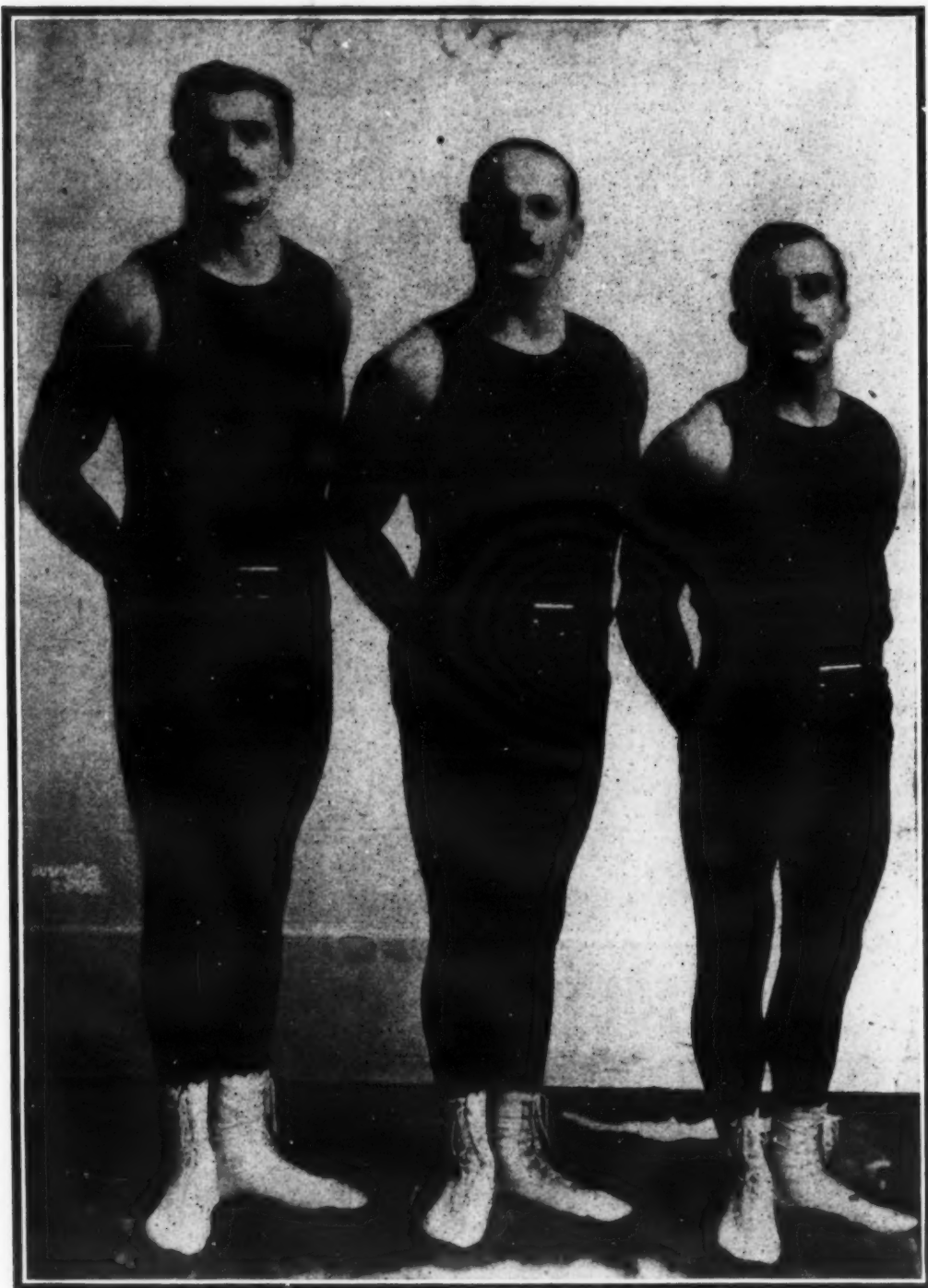


Photo by Bushnell: San Francisco.

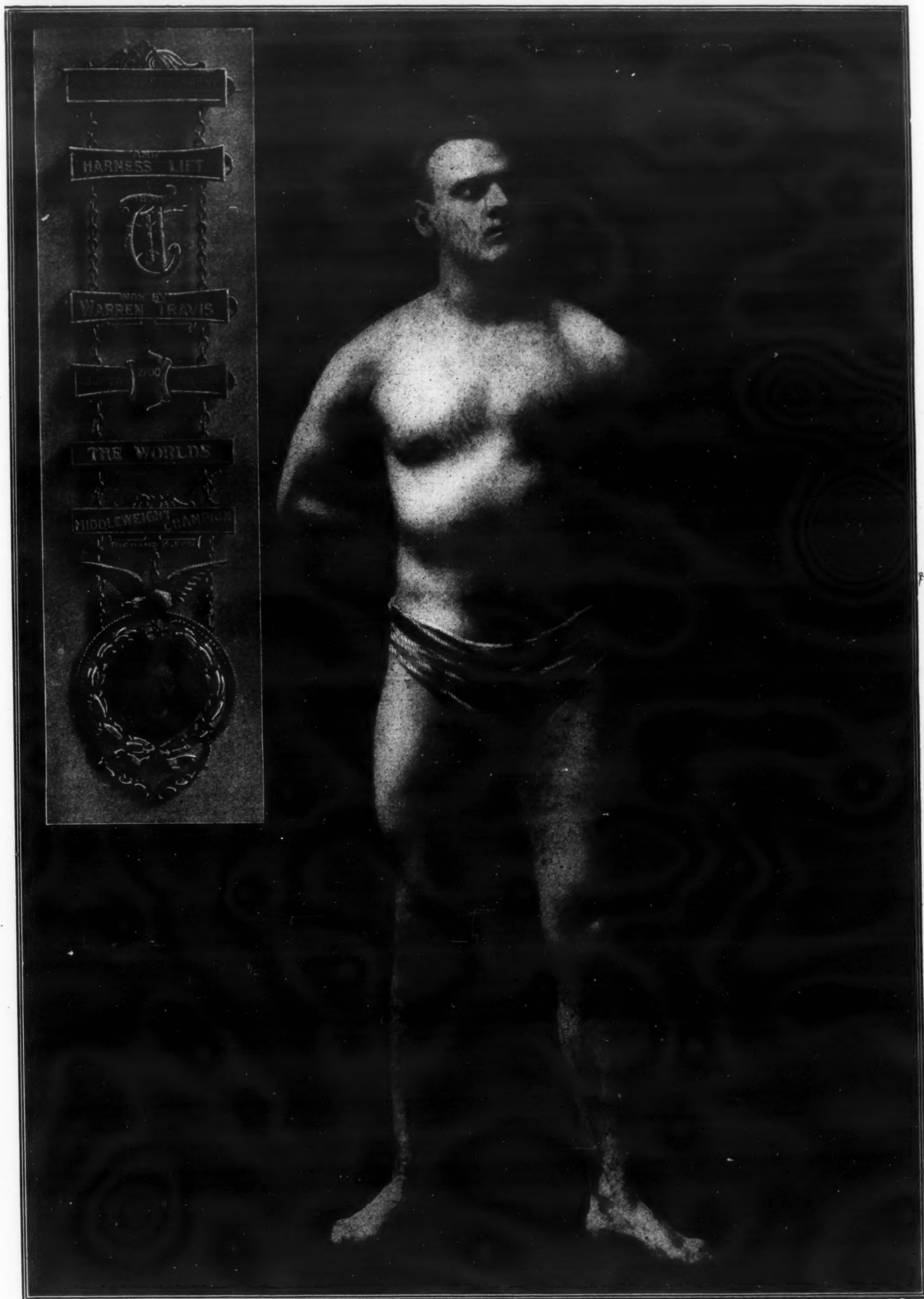
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THREE BRILLIANT EUROPEAN STRONG MEN AND ACROBATS,
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WARREN TRAVIS.

THE POLICE GAZETTE CHAMPION WEIGHT LIFTER WHO CHALLENGES ANY MAN
IN THE WORLD TO COMPETE WITH HIM FOR THE TITLE.

A SPORTING SALOONIST

Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips in This Column.



Walter Lyons, of 95 Van Buren street, Chicago, Ill., is the proprietor of a well furnished cafe, and popular with the sporting fraternity of the Windy City. Mr. Lyons has many years experience as a saloonist, and knows the business thoroughly. He is an enthusiastic sport and many years a reader of the POLICE GAZETTE.

THAT WHISKEY PROBLEM.

In the case of the saloon keeper having two barrels of whiskey, one ten years old and the other two years old, and mixing them. I should say that the result would be liquor six years old. What is the right answer?

LOUIS DUNENBERGER, Bartender, Woodburn, Ore.

A WINTERS REJOICER.

(By S. M. Burnett, 147 Main St., Ashtabula, O.) Take a hot water glass with spoon; one square of loaf sugar; two dashes lemon juice; five dashes Orange Curacao; one slice lemon; fill half full hot water; one jigger whiskey or brandy; grate nutmeg on top. Stir and then serve.

CREAM PUFF.

(By Ralph Campbell, The Web, Mansfield, O.) Mixing glass with ice; two bar spoons bar sugar; one drink Gordon Gin or one drink good Kummel; fill with milk. Shake well and strain into a ten-ounce glass and serve.

WILSON COOLER.

(By Terry Lee, Algonquin Club, Bridgeport, Conn.) Use large bar glass; pony Amontillado sherry; pony Chartreuse; juice quarter of an orange; fill with cracked ice, cover all with claret. Shake well, leave ice in glass, garnish with fruit not forgetting sprig of mint.

PRINCE LOUIS PUNCH.

(By Bennie Jones, Newport News, Va.) Fill mixing glass with shaved ice; squeeze a quarter of an orange and half a lime in the glass; two dashes New England rum; three ounces of Braddock whiskey; one ounce Raspberry syrup on top, dress with fruit and serve with straws.

AN EYE OPENER.

(By Thomas M. Kelly, Cleburne Bar, Helena, Ark.) Large mixing glass full shaved ice; juice of half a lemon; one tablespoon syrup; one small jigger Absinthe; one jigger Holland gin. Shake well, strain and syphon.

INTERNATIONAL COCKTAIL.

(By Fred Viney, Hotel Dallas, Victoria, B. C.) Use mixing glass with two or three lumps of ice; two-thirds jigger French Vermouth; two-thirds jigger Italian Vermouth; three dashes of Orange bitters. Stir with spoon, strain in cocktail glass, add cherry and serve.

BRONX COCKTAIL.

(By Francis S. Burns, Pearl Cafe, Bronx, New York.) Mixing glass half full cracked ice; two dashes Maraschino; one dash of Orange bitters; four drops Absinthe; half wine glass Gordon Dry gin; half wine glass Dry French Vermouth. Use the shaker, strain in cocktail glass, add cherry.

CLARET CUP.

(By John Bayer, 1024 St. Ann St., New Orleans, La.) Three tablespoons fine sugar dissolved in pint of Club soda; quart Claret; jigger Curacao; jigger Sherry; jigger brandy; peeling from a large cucumber, half dozen sprigs mint. Mix the above ingredients, add lump of ice and let stand for ten minutes. Strain and serve in custard or glass cups, trim with thin slices of orange or pineapple. For a party of six.

HERMAN'S DECISION.

Kid Herman, the Chicago boxer, who recently fought Abe Attell, and has been doing well in the roped arena during the past two years, secured the decision over

Brooks' Sure Cure

Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lymphol. No lies. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, 1901.

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Benny Yanger in a ten-round argument at Indianapolis, Ind., on August 10.

The battle was one of the finest exhibitions of boxing ever seen in that city. Yanger fought gamely from the start, but gradually weakened toward the last of the fight.

Fully four thousand people surged through the gates at the ball park to witness the mill, and the police with difficulty maintained order. Chicago sent more than five hundred friends of Yanger and Herman, and the rooting was about evenly divided. Cincinnati, Peoria and other cities also sent large crowds.

In the sixth round Yanger showed the first signs of distress, and in every succeeding round he was thoroughly outpointed by his opponent. The decision in Herman's favor was well received.

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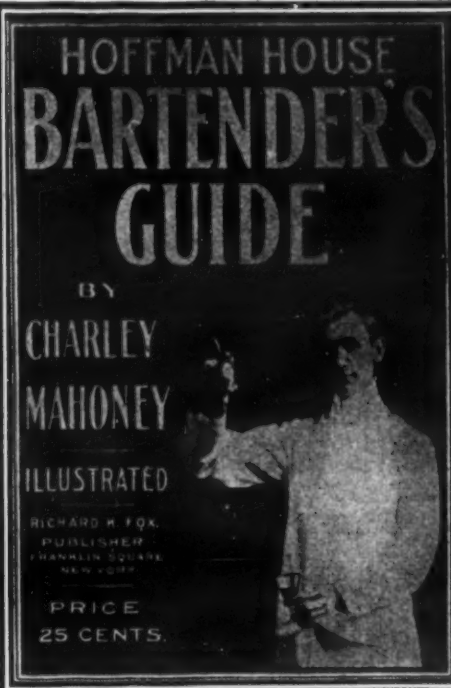
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IKE SWIFT'S BOOK.

It will be the book of the year this Fall when it is issued, and even if you have read the stories in the "Gazette" you will want them in book form. Due notice of publication will be announced in these columns, or when you are ready you can order through your newsdealer. It will be bound in cloth the same size as the books usually sold for \$1.50, and the price will be \$1.00.

VALUABLE TROPHY AWARDED.

The annual regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen was held on Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass., on Aug. 10 and 11, and many thousands witnessed the several bitterly contested races.

One of the most exciting events was the race of the intermediate eights for the Fox Trophy, a handsome silver rowing cup donated by Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, and valued at \$2,500.

There were three crews on the line, the Argonauts of Toronto, Canada, New York A. C. and Wachusett of Worcester, Mass. When the report of the starter's pistol rang out, the three crews caught the water together and for half a dozen strokes the foam was tossed high in the air from the waters made angry by the tremendous power applied.

The crews had buoys anchored out off Summers Point, a couple of hundred feet from the start, which they were forced by the rules to leave on their port side, this being necessitated by the slight bend in the course.

When they reached the point there was scarcely any difference in their relative positions, and to make the race more exciting they came tearing down the lake, being separated by only water enough to keep the oars from fouling.

At one time, directly after the crews had taken their bearings for the finish marks, Argonaut got dangerously close to Wachusett, and a mixup might have taken place but for the fatherly advice and timely caution of the referee. After covering a quarter mile the New York A. C. had a slight advantage of five feet, the other crews being bow and bow.

The New York A. C. rowed 33, Argonauts 36, and Wachusett 37 to the minute.

The Argonauts made a distinct effort on reaching the half-mile mark, and began to go out slightly until they had nearly a length to the good. Wachusett was rowing in a distressed manner at this point, but holding on through pluck.

The Argonauts passed the half-distance flag still leading by three-quarters of a length, with New York A. C. second and one-quarter of a length in advance of Wachusett. This point passed, the New Yorkers made a gallant stand, and as the result of a fine spurt they closed up considerably on the leaders, but were unable to row them down.

The pace had been so terrific that Wachusett began to lag, and Argonaut passed into the last half-mile of the race still leading by a small margin. As the crews went down the course and the closeness of the struggle became apparent to the crowd, the cheering was taken up along the boulevard, and at Regatta Point a perfect storm of cheering and hand-clapping awarded the plucky crews as they passed into the last quarter-mile of the race.

Everybody in carriages and boats and grandstand were brought to their feet as the three crews went into almost an unbroken series of spurts to the finish line, Argonaut winning by less than half a length, and New York A. C. beating Wachusett by one length. It was a grand race, and was rowed one second inside the lake record, made by the Winnipeg crew. Time, 7 minutes, 54 seconds.

LEWIS LOST ON FOUL.

At Grand Rapids, Mich., on Aug. 9, after outpointing Maurice Sayers almost two to one for five rounds, Harry Lewis fouled in the sixth with elbow to the groin and lost a fight that was almost his when the blow landed. Sayers stalling and almost out. The foul was clearly

accidental. Sayers was badly injured and was carried from the ring suffering terrible agony.

It was a great fight with both men aggressive and willing. Lewis' blows had some force and were cleaner delivered. The third round was Sayers', the rest Lewis'. Both were in grand condition. Amby McGarry challenged the winner from the ringside. Andy W. Ed, on behalf of Mike Ward, challenged Lewis.

GOOD BOUTS IN PHILADELPHIA.

Some good bouts were held at the weekly show of the Broadway A. C., at Philadelphia, on Aug. 9. The first pair to don the mitts were Kid Lawrence and Kid Phillips, who did all sorts of fancy stunts. Neither boy was overburdened with knowledge of the game and what little honors there were attached to the bout belonged to Phillips.

The second bout brought together Eddie Wallace and Jimmy Livingston. Wallace used a stiff left swing to the body, but he was invariably countered by Jimmy. It was a fairly even contest for four rounds, but Livingston took a slight lead in the fifth. Wallace made a strong finish but it was hardly strong enough to overcome Jimmy's lead who won by a shade.

Kid Lincoln and Jack Murphy then entertained the big crowd in a very lively manner. Lincoln was aggressive from the start and Murphy once went to his knees to avoid punishment at the hands of the rugged Lincoln. The bout was marked throughout by the hardest kind of exchanges and, although Murphy got in some fierce blows he could not keep Lincoln away who forced matters all the time. Lincoln deserved the verdict by reason of his aggressiveness.

The next pair to don the mitts were Denver Kelly, of Pittsburgh, and George Krall. This was a peach and a big surprise party. Krall started off with right and left to the jaw and it looked to be all up with Kelly, but he soon took the upper hand and with well placed blows, he dropped Krall for the count twice, and the bell alone saved Krall from going out in the first round. Kelly kept in the lead in the early part of the second, but Krall, who had recovered quickly, got in a hard right uppercut to Kelly's jaw, and the latter took the count. Another hard right swing to the jaw sent Kelly down again, and when he regained his feet the referee stopped the go, for Kelly had taken the bout on a moment's notice. Kelly is a good one and will bear watching.

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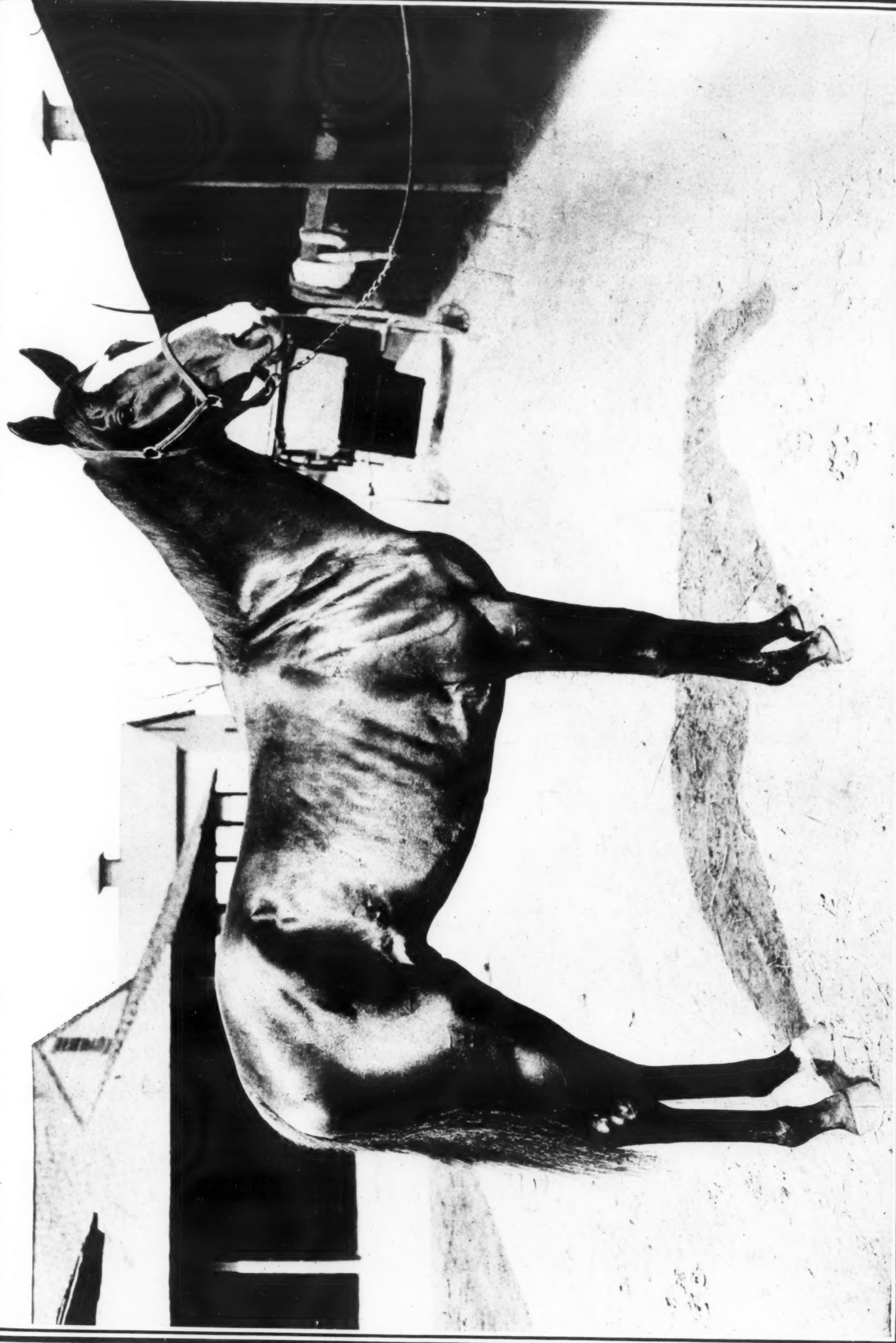
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